"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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UNSIFTED EVIDENCE.

A DOUBLE TRIAL.

BY G. M. FENN.

"DOES it ever occur to you, Grace, that this unwearying patience and waiting may be little better than a fond folly?"

"Never, mother," I said calmly, as I turned from the pretty landscape, with the wooded lane winding far away, the quaint arrowy spire of the old church pointing heavenward, and trees around, now in their glories of gold and red and russet-brown—for the year was waning fast, and the only relic of the budding spring was my primrose in its pot upon the sill, a modest flower, which as faithfully in autumn as in spring put forth its pale, sweet blossoms.

"But, my child, think of the time that has elapsed without a word; and, besides, he was almost a stranger."

I smiled as I thought of how our friendship had ripened into a warmer feeling, and as the result of so many months of thought, told myself that he was too manly and sterling in his nature to play me false.

So I replied to my mother's words with a gentle, deprecating look, and tried to speak, but the words would not then come.

"I know it has been very hard to bear, my child," she said, as she came to my side, passed her arm round me, and caressed my cheek; "but I cannot help thinking at times that you are acting foolishly."

"Mother," I replied, "when in the woods that day we dug up that simple flower, he told me that he would come back, and he will come."

"But why are you so sanguine, my poor child?" she said, affectionately.

"Because I have a strange feeling—a fancy, perhaps, but a very strong belief—that if he had changed towards me that little flower would have withered away."

She shook her head sadly.

"I have faith in him, mother—the faith that a woman should have in the man she believes will be her husband. I watch and tend that little flower in the full faith that at the appointed time its buds will appear. Why should I not, then, have faith in Harry's words, and look forward to the blossoming of my hopes?"

"But two years, Grace!—two years, and not one word!"

"I have his promise, mother, even as I have the unspoken promise of this little plant. How do we know where he may be, or what may have tended to prevent his writing?"

"I'm afraid I was foolish to let matters proceed so far," sighed my mother, "and he such a stranger."

"Do not say that, mother," I cried appealingly. "Look at me; did I not fully believe that ere long he would come, by this time I should have been pale and sad."

"Or have torn his words from your memory."

"No, mother," I said, sadly, "I could not have done that. But look, mother; do I seem like one who is weary of her watching and waiting?"

"No, my child, no," she replied; and she sighed deeply as she left the room, while I went to the window again to gaze down the road as it sloped beside the hill, and wound in and out, so that I could have seen him pretty well a mile away; and so I waited for his coming.

At first, many months before, it used to vex me that people gazed up, and

made, as I knew, remarks about my being so often watching there, but of late it had not troubled me in the least, for my thoughts were far away. I had ceased to wonder why he did not write, and speculate on the day of his coming back. All I thought of now was that each day was bringing me nearer to the time of his return, and so I used to stand at the window to watch and wait, comforting myself with a quiet read at his last letter from the table at my side, or by tending the one flower of my window-sill, the little pale primrose which he had obtained for me from the woody bank that sloped down, spangled with sulphur-tinted stars burning with lambent light in a bed of green.

I had had a severe illness some months before, and my struggle back to life and strength was a harder fight than even I knew, while ever since my first coming out to breathe the soft sweet air of the lanes I noticed a curious kind of sympathy amongst the people who passed me by. There was always a gentle word from our friends, and a respectful salute and kindly look from the labouring men returning from their day's work.

It was quite by accident that I heard how I was credited with having sunk into a kind of melancholy, from which the simple country people settled that I should never recover; but I could afford to smile, and at the same time wait.

I cannot explain how it was, but I had a kind of conscious feeling that if Harry were dead, or if he would not return, I should have known it; and so I waited, watching from my window, and tending the little plant.

Pray do not imagine that this is how I spent my whole time. Far from it, for mine was a busy life. There were the home duties, and the poor in the village to visit, besides needlework. The moments at the window were my recreation, and there was a deep feeling of joy in patiently watching there for him whom I felt sure would come at last.

The time glided on, and still my old faith in him burned brightly as ever, but yet there was no letter. I accounted for this by telling my sad heart that in his capacity of agent for a large trading company, for whom he travelled in various directions, he might be detained in the interior of some out-of-the-way place in one or the other of the four quarters of the globe. But at last came indirect rumours, how set afloat I cannot tell, that he had been married for a year and a-half.

For one day only did the news bear me down, and then the old feelings came back stronger than ever, and I had perfect faith that the report was false.

My mother shook her head, but refrained from speaking on the subject; and that same day I carefully examined every leaf of the primrose, to find no speck of blight, but all vigorous and healthier than ever.

"He will come back to me," I moaned, as I pressed my hand to my aching heart; and then came the hopeful feelings once again.

The next day — a golden autumn time of sunshine—one of those last few glorious days of the departing year, I wandered off through the paths in the old wood where we used to stray together three years before. Perhaps it was to strengthen my faith in him; at all events, I sought the place where the primrose bank rose high, telling myself that I could, I was sure, find the very spot between the moss-grown hazel stumps whence that plant in my window-sill was taken.

My heart beat wildly with a sense of joy to which it had long been a stranger, as I wandered on, crossed the stile, and was soon where the ruddy leaves lay in golden waves on the rich green moss, while over them — now grown crisp and hard, and with the silvery green tint that erst reflected the sheaves of golden arrows showered down through leafy tangles by the sun—hung the bracken, dyed by October, brown and crimson and russet gold.

The moss was greener than ever, and from it peered the ephemeral fungi—fruits of the autumn damp—here livid, blackened, and repulsive, there pearly-white, or gay with every tint of rose, and lavender, and blue; while now and then the last acorns, loosened by the birds, came pattering down to disturb the silence of the forest, falling on the earth with a heavy pat.

I had eyes for everything that day, or it was as if my senses were keener; and I watched the grey rabbits rush into the banks, the pheasants hurry away, and the grey-red squirrels dart up the lichen-creamed oak boles, to stop higher up, and peer down with their little bright black eyes at the intruder on their domain.

As I advanced deeper into the wood, and nearer the place I sought, the soft fragrance of the moist earth was suddenly made more sweet by a well-known scent, and peering carefully amidst the dead leaves, I found two late purple violets.

I was in the act of picking them when voices fell upon my ear, and then all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my heart, leaving me deadly pale, as I started up, to stand motionless, while two figures slowly passed me—the one being Harry, brown and bearded, and looking sadly older; the other one—which I was fain to confess as I gazed with starting eyes—a very beautiful woman.

They passed close to where I stood, hidden from them by a leafy screen of glistening holly, and then Harry spoke.

"Yes," he said, "stopping by where the bank rose steep, close by where I stood, with my heart beating painfully and a sensation as of a cold hand crushing out the very light of my faith—"Yes, dear, here is the very place where I dug up the primrose. I could almost find the hole. A good thought; let us find it."

"Oh, Harry, how foolish!" said his companion; "what good can it do?"

"What, jealous of the old idea?" he said, patting her cheek. "There, indulge me this once, and I'll never mention her name again, poor weak little thing. I thought I should like to see the old place once more, with its glamour of my old boyish fancy. Ah, it has often been in my mind's eye in my distant wanderings."

"You have no business to dwell upon it, Harry," she said, affectionately, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"No, pet," he said, drawing her to him, and kissing her cheek, "I have not; but there—a good thought—I'll bury the old love here, for it's dead and gone. Here; where are you, little woman?" he said, taking out his pocket-book from his breast, and drawing therefrom the little photograph I had given him years before. "Come and be buried, little silly fancy. Ah, here you are, then. Look at her: the portrait of a woman without faith."

My head was swimming. I could not speak: and had I not clung to the tree by which I stood I must have fallen.

"There, that will do," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Now, we'll bury her beneath the primroses. I have said her epitaph already; shall I cut it in the bark of the nearest tree—'A woman without faith?'"

"She is not worthy of a thought," was the cold reply, as Harry bent down, laughing cynically, and dragging out a primrose root, proceeded to lay my photograph in the hole he had made.

What did this mean — was it a mystery? Was there some mistake? Or was this the reward of my long years of waiting? I, a woman without faith! I could bear no more — the figures, the trees, all became blurred together, and I fell heavily amidst the rustling leaves.

When I came to, with a deathly feeling of sickness at my heart, my head was resting in the handsome woman's lap, and as I shuddered and turned my piteous gaze on Harry, his face worked and lip trembled, as with a cynical laugh and husky voice he said:—

"I am sorry you were present, Mrs. Wilson."

"Mrs. Wilson!" I faltered.

"Yes, my compliments to your husband. Come, sis, let us go."

"Are you Harry's sister Jenny?" I asked his companion.

"Yes," she replied, coldly, but her word was balm to my soul.

"Tell me what he means," I said wildly.

"What do I mean?" he cried, holding out the photograph, which was now crumpled in his strong grasp—"That!"

I gazed on the back, to read a newspaper cutting, pasted upon it, old and frayed with being carried so long, and on it the words:—

"14th. At St. Lawrence's, Elsley

—Edward Wilson to Grace Morrison. No cards."

"Yes," I faltered, wonderingly, "my cousin Grace's wedding."

I was in his arms as I uttered the last word, and he was praying my forgiveness for his misconception. The paper had been forwarded to him by a busy friend, and he had misjudged me. Perhaps if I had seen such a notice, I too might have been as wanting in faith.

SIMPLE GOODNESS.

As with knowledge, so with love. The simple, natural affections are the steps by which we ascend to the largest love. Kindness in little things, a pleasant word when we can say it, a good-natured act when we can do it, these are the steps by which we go up toward large generosities. These little opportunities come and go every day; we possess them, but cannot keep them. But they may be used so as to leave behind what shall always be ours: a habit of kindness, a temper of good-will, a disposition to see and say the best we can of human kind. The greatest soul and the largest heart that ever lived on earth had for friends some of the simplest of men and women. How he loved those disciples, and loved them to the end, educating them by slow degrees to comprehend a very little of his thoughts, hopes, and purposes! Yet what a gulf remained between his mind and theirs! He could not make them understand the spiritual nature of his kingdom, the probability of his death, the rising from the dead into a higher life. But still he loved them—the unstable, impetuous Peter, the sceptical Thomas, the ardent soul of John; Martha, Mary, Lazarus, Mary Magdalene. He loved these simple, undeveloped minds; for his greatness enabled him to see in them the capacity which no others could see, of becoming at last his apostles, missionaries, and martyrs. This wisdom of this world would have said that those ignorant fishermen were the last persons to found a great religion for the civilised world. But he saw in their present fidelity a guarantee of their future power. They were faithful in a few things, and could become rulers over many things.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

It is curious to observe how, despite the scepticism of the age, superstitions of all kinds still linger, and often keep a firm hold even on the present generation. Of course this is most generally the case in out-of-the-way districts, where new ideas and fresh trains of thought creep in slowly, and take a long while to dispossess the old. Yet even in London, strange as it may seem, many old superstitions remain. For instance, some persons will hastily move knives that are accidentally crossed; others show an evident dislike to sitting down thirteen at the table. Has this last-named feeling come down from early times, and originated in the remembrance that our Lord sat down to the Last Supper with his twelve disciples, among them the traitor Judas?

Then, also, many people have an aversion to peacocks' feathers, which they deem unlucky, and to that beautiful gem, the opal, as a sign of change and misfortune. A lady of our acquaintance had a beautiful pair of screens of peacock feathers, but dared not keep them, and gave them away to a more courageous friend. Another common notion is that it is unlucky to have a doctor in the house on New Year's-day; occasionally this idea prevails so far that even when in regular attendance on a patient, he is begged not to come on that day, but to wait till, if it be absolutely necessary, he is sent for. But if there is still so much superstition in London, how much more in the country! In some parts even educated people will cross themselves to avert ill-luck if they chance to see a single magpie, or will found an omen on whether they first see the *head* or *tail* of a lamb in a field.

An idea also prevails among the country people that on a certain night in September (about the 21st) the devil touches all the blackberries and spoils them. After that date they do not gather them.

The braying of an ass is supposed to indicate bad weather, and when that unmelodious sound is heard, women will remark, "Ah, we shall have rain now."

Likewise the creaking of a window signifies death. We chanced to hear through a friend of a curious instance of this, when, in a church, after this sound had been heard for some time, some children were hastily fetched away on account of a sudden death at home. A boy immediately observed he knew something of the sort would happen when he heard the window creak, and no reasoning would persuade him to the contrary.

Friday superstitions seem to be almost universal; almost everywhere people object to doing certain things on a Friday, such as cutting their nails, hair, &c. Again, to meet a funeral is supposed to be unlucky, whereas to pass one is a sign of good fortune.

North-country women, when making bread, will mark a cross upon it, before leaving it to rise "to keep the devil out of it." Many of them also believe firmly in the importance of a boy's coming first into the house on New Year's Day before anyone goes out; if a girl chances to come first, it is considered to be a sign of impending misfortune. This idea has sometimes been carried so far as sending a boy out of the window to re-enter by the door!

Doubtless instances of these and other superstitions might be multiplied to any extent. It only serves to show how even in this time of boasted civilisation and advanced thought, we are still sadly deficient in real wisdom and faith when we tremblingly believe our destiny to be hanging on the carelessly spun threads of Fate. M. R.

A PERSIAN HYMN.

Lord, who art merciful as well as just,
Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer Thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.
Four things which are not in Thy treasury
I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition:
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

SOLD FOR A SLAVE.

Eleven brothers were sitting watching flocks of sheep and goats in a broad and beautiful valley. They kept a good look-out, because robbers or wild beasts might come at any time and carry off some of the flock. Their sharp eyes at length caught sight of a figure walking toward them. It is a boy. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore a bright coloured coat that sparkled in the sunlight. It is their brother, their father's favourite son, and his fine tunic was his father's gift, to show everybody how fond he was of him. Now his brothers hated him, partly because his father loved him better than them, but more because God had sent him dreams that said that one day he should be the greatest of all the family. There was another reason why they hated him; they often did what was wrong, and the boy told his father. He was no "tell-tale," however; they sometimes treated him badly and he never said a word. He only told his father what his father ought to know. Still, it was the dreams they thought most about.

"Let us slay him," proposed one of them, "and we can say that it was an evil beast that did it." They all of them agreed, but one of them says, "Here is an empty well, put him in that, and let him starve to death, and then we will not be guilty of shedding his blood." That pleases them: but you know that way of killing him was just as much murder as the other. Sin is sin, however you commit it. But the one who had proposed putting him in the pit, meant to come when the others had gone away and take him out again. Directly the boy reached them, they stripped his handsome coat from him, and threw him into the well. The one kind-hearted brother left them, perhaps to think how he could get the others from the place soon, before the boy had been hurt. The rest sat down to eat and drink, and to make merry over the bad deed.

While they were at their meal, a caravan drew near; long lines of camels carrying spices, with the men who owned them and a gang of slaves

toiling along on foot. "Better sell the boy for a slave than to kill him," says one; "we shall get a little money for him, and we shall not be murderers." So the boy is drawn up out of the pit. How glad he would be! he would think they put him in only to frighten him. But he soon learns the truth. He begs and prays, with many tears, for mercy. But they will not hear him; and in a few minutes he is walking with the other slaves. How miserable he must have felt! His brothers then dipped his coat in the blood of a kid and took it home to their father, and he believed that a wild beast had killed his much-loved child. I dare say that you all know that the boy's name was Joseph, and his father's Jacob; and that it was Reuben who tried to save him, and Judah who spoke first about selling him for a slave. But you know God took care of Joseph, and that his dreams all came true. But I want to talk to you a little about the naughty feeling that made Joseph's brothers act to him so cruelly and wicked as they did. The New Testament tells us they were "moved with envy." But what is envy?

If John has more playthings than James, and James wishes he had them, he is covetous. If Jane wears nicer dresses than Mary, and Mary frets because her dresses are poorer than Jane's, she is discontented. But neither James nor Mary is really envious. But if they let themselves be vexed, not only because they have not the things, then they are envious. Envy soon leads to dislike and to hatred. And James boxes John's ears, not because John has harmed him, but because he does not like to see John so happy over his toys. And Mary gives Jane a sly pinch, not because Jane has wronged her, but out of spite that Jane has a nicer dress than she has. I remember when I was at school seeing a little boy run out of the school-room quite joyful because he had just got to the top of his class, and a big boy, who had been turned back in his lessons, kicked him so as to make him cry. You see, he was envious. Three or four years ago, I saw two girls go to a house with Christmas Collecting Cards for the Missions. By and by a servant brought them each some money. Perhaps the lady of the house had not two coins of the same value in her purse. At any rate, she sent more money to one girl than to the other. As soon as the girl who had the smaller coin found that out, she snatched her companion's card from her hand, threw it down into the mud and trod on it. You see, she was "moved with envy," just as Joseph's brothers were.

I expect all my little readers are sometimes tempted to be envious. Think, dear children, how great a sin envy is, and how much mischief it has done. It made Cain kill Abel: it made them crucify Jesus Christ. And if you pray to Him, God will help you not to show envy by cross words or unkind deeds, even if you feel it. And more, He will help you so to love everybody, that you will be glad at their good fortune. So you will more than double your happiness; you will be happy in the good that comes to you, and happy in the good that comes to others as well. But envy more than doubles your unhappiness; you are sorry if others have more to enjoy than you have yourself, and your naughty sorrow keeps you from enjoying the good things that belong to you.

A LITTLE HELP WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF PITY.

I HAVE seen a blind man walking
Along the busy street;
I have heard the people talking
As they watched his stumbling feet;
I have marked the words of pity
As they saw him pass along,
Through the overcrowded city,
'Mid the ever busy throng.
And I've seen the bright-eyed school-boy
Leave his brothers at their play,
To Help the sightless stranger
Across the busy way.
Ah! the *pity* was not worthless,
Though it lent no kindly hand,
But that little *help* outvalued
All the pity in the land.

I have seen the little orphan
Left without a mother's care;
I have heard the words of sorrow
That the neighbours had to spare;

I have known them say, "The poor-house
Is just meant for such as she;"
And (though very sorry for her),
"Well she has no claim on me."
And I've seen the toiling widow,
With children half a score,
Take the little lonely orphan
To her hospitable door.
There were fifty folks who pitied,
There was only one to aid,
But the one excelled the fifty,
As the sun excels the shade.

I had heard the school-boy sighing
O'er his lessons home from school
I have seen him vainly trying
To master some new rule;
I have marked the words of pity
That his brother's lips supplied,
And I've seen the dewy teardrop
That yet remained undried.
Then I've seen his mother gently
Take his blunder covered slate,
And with loving effort help him
Make his crooked answers straight.
That pity though a brother's,
Was forgotten in a day,
But that loving help of mother's
Will never pass away.

I have seen a little two-year old
Stand crying by a brook.
And I've marked a country maiden
Deep buried in a book;
I have known her rise up quickly,
Lay the treasured book aside,
Lift the little fellow gently
O'er the water clear and wide;
And I've seen the merry sunshine
Light up his face at last,
Which if she had *only* pitied
Would have still been overcast.

Oh! let pity lead to action,
For the world is full of need;
There are many eyes that water,
There are many hearts that bleed;
There are wounds that all want binding,
There are feet that go astray,
There are tears all hot and blinding
That our hands can wipe away.
For the blind man on the causeway,
The orphan with its fears,
The school boy in his troubles,
And the baby in its tears,
Are all like a thousand others
Whom to help if we but try,
We shall "scatter seeds of kindness
For the reaping by-and-by."

Let us ever act as brothers,
Ne'er with pity be content,
Always doing good to others
Both in *action* and *intent*.
Though the pity may be useful,
'Tis but little if 'tis all,
And the smallest piece of needed help
Is better than it all.

WHAT A KICK DID FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

If we would bring before us Isaac Newton, now fairly started on his scientific career, we may imagine a quiet young man, not above middle height, of "most sedate and humble carriage, never seemingly angry, of profound thought, his countenance mild, pleasant and comely;" who could be drawn from his chambers by none of the recreations in which most young men delight; who seldom went out except to read his lectures; whose time was spent in mathematical calculations and in experiments in optics, chemistry, and alchemy; whom students described as "mighty famous for his learning, a most excellent philosopher and divine;" to whose rooms in college foreigners resorted, anxious to converse with the man of transcendent genius. We may think of this young man as growing grey at thirty, so much absorbed in his studies that he often forgot his meals or sat up all night when his chemical experiments required watching.

When Isaac was twelve years old he went to Grantham to attend the Grammar-school and boarded at the house of Mr. Clark, an apothecary. At that time there was more prospect of his making a good mechanic than a great scholar; according to his own account, given later, he was inattentive to his studies, and allowed his school-fellows to oustrip him; but one day, when he was the last in the lowest form but one, while on his way to school he was kicked in the stomach by the boy who ranked next above him. The pain was severe, and, though the smaller of the two, the future philosopher after school challenged his assailant to fight. Encouraged by the school-master's son the two boys fought in earnest; spirit and agility made up for Isaac's inferior stature, and his opponent soon cried enough. The school-master's son told Isaac that cowards must have their noses rubbed against a wall. This direction being complied with, the vanquished was left to his reflections, and the victor began to ask himself, "Why should I allow this boy always to be above me; am I not his superior men-

tally, and morally, as well as physically?" Then followed a prolonged intellectual struggle, in which Isaac, again victor, passed above his old adversary and finally stood at the head of the school.

On one occasion he was approached by an agent who offered him a bribe of six thousand pounds, which was refused. "There would be no dishonesty in taking it; you do not understand your own interests," said the go-between.

"I know well enough what my duty is, and no bribes shall corrupt me," was the reply.

"But I come from a great duchess—you would not refuse so great a lady; besides she has the power to advance the interests of those she chooses to favour," persisted the agent.

"I desire you to tell the lady, that if she were here herself and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house; and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out," Newton answered. Oh! for a score or two of Isaac Newtons in our country now.

HOME-MAKERS.

THERE are very few persons in the world, and those few not to be envied, who are insensible to the delights of a happy home. Those who are fortunate enough to possess it are generally wise enough to prize it; whilst those who have it not make it the nucleus of many an air castle, and the chief figure in many a future prospect.

It is a prevalent idea that woman, and she alone, must always be the home-maker. This is her business, it is affirmed, while that of a man necessarily lies outside. It is his part to provide the means of support, hers to supply a well-ordered, gladsome, refreshing, peaceful home. There is much truth in this view, but like many other truths, it has been run into the ground from the failure to perceive the other side. A home, like a person, has a dual existence; it has an outer and an inner life; it is formed by the circumstances that surround it and the characters that dwell within it. There is the house with its appurtenances, its opulence or poverty, its comforts or inconveniences, its loaded table or frugal board, its neatness and thrift, or disorder and waste. This is the outer life of the home.

To this both man and woman equally contribute. The division of labour, as usually maintained, is, upon the whole, quite equitable. His lies outside the home, hers within; but both are equally important, equally honourable, equally remunerative in the true sense of the word. Neither his earnings, nor her care, would alone make and keep the home, even in its outer life, while united they supply all it needs. Any shirking on either side is fatal. If the man, through self-indulgence of any kind, fail to do his part, the woman will be overburdened, and the family comforts curtailed or destroyed. If, on the other hand, she, through love of pleasure or lack of discretion, neglect the wise ordering of her household, or slide into fashionable extravagance, the result will be equally disastrous. Whatever be the resources, or the style of living they adopt, it requires all the abilities and painstaking of both in their respective spheres to maintain this external domestic life with prudence, comfort, and consistency.

It is, however, in the inner life of the home that we must look for its purest and most permanent happiness; and here also do we find man and woman to be equally necessary and equally responsible. Not the house, however richly furnished and judiciously arranged, not all the labour and thought of the man in earning and the woman in managing, however praiseworthy each may be, can alone secure a happy home. They are, indeed, indispensable, but not sufficient. Not only must hand and brain construct the home, but *heart* must inspire it. There must be love, patience, self-sacrifice, sympathy, contentment, courage to bear, firmness to endure—in a word, all the qualities that go to make up character. If these be absent, so is happiness, however congenial and satisfactory may be the external home.

Just here a fatal mistake is frequently made. The busy man, wearied with toil and harassed perhaps by the events of the day, comes home to find rest and

refreshment. He feels that his labours abroad should be recompensed by comfort, ease, and freedom from care at home. This is perhaps natural; but he forgets that the wife and mother, if earnest and conscientious, has had her trials and labours also, and is probably in need of rest and sympathy quite as much as he is. The home is perhaps so peaceful and cheery that he takes it for granted that its constant inmate must be so too, and thus his thoughts become centred in what his home ought to yield to him, rather than in what he should do to make a happy home for the family. The truth is, that home happiness is not a harvest for which one part of the household is to labour, that another part may enjoy. Each one must plant the seed, and water the ground, and destroy the weeds, and then each one will partake of the bounteous crop. As the husband and wife both contribute to form the external home, they must equally unite to fill it with the living presence of unselfish affection and thoughtful kindness. If either fail in this, if one be always striving to make the home, and the other only to enjoy it, disappointment is inevitable.

The children, too, should be encouraged and trained, from their earliest years, to contribute their share towards the home. Every boy and girl can add to the family joy in a multitude of ways, which will open rapidly to view when they are sought. The little kindnesses to one another, the willing deference to parental wishes, the plans laid for cheerful winter evenings, pleasant surprises, and gleeful re-unions, small gifts of handiwork to grace the familiar rooms, with hundreds of other natural outpourings of affection and gratitude, will bind children to their homes and make them centres of happiness, far more than can ever be the case when they are merely recipients. It is the good we do much more than that which is done for us that promotes our highest enjoyment; and each member of the household who would taste the keenest delights of a happy home must constitute himself or herself, in the best sense, a "home-maker."—*From the British Workman.*

TURNING THE TABLES.

Tom Hills, some time huntsman of the Old Surrey Hounds, was sent to buy a fox in Leadenhall Market for service the next day. The commission was not at all to Tom's liking; but obeying orders, he rode to town, got his fox, and putting him, securely strapped, legs upward in a capacious pocket in his overcoat, turned his horse's head homeward. Somewhere about midnight he reached Streatham Common, to be suddenly stopped with the once familiar challenge, "Your money or your life!"

"My money!" exclaimed Hills. "I haven't got any; I am only a servant, and you wouldn't take my life, surely?"

The highwayman told him to look sharp, emphasising the injunction by pointing a pistol at the huntsman's head.

"Well, my man," said the latter, "we won't fall out. I want my life; so as I've no money, I suppose you must have money's worth. You'll find something quite as good in my pocket here; so pray help yourself."

The robber's disengaged hand dived into Tom's pocket instanter, and Master Reynard's teeth closed as quickly upon it, causing the fellow to yell in dismay, and drop pistol and reins, while Tom galloped off at his best pace, leaving his unwelcome acquaintance to bandage his hand and digest his disappointment at leisure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Colonel Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying out against the bunias, or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The Colonel determined to punish the cheats, and this is how he did it. "I told," says he, "some reliable men of my escort to go quietly in the bazaars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my teeth. I then desired all the persons named in my

list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterwards they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. 'Now,' said I, gravely, 'each of you is to weigh out a seer (two pounds) of your flour;' which was done.

"'Is it for the pilgrims?' asked one.

"'No,' said I, quietly, though I had great difficulty to keep my countenance. 'You must eat it yourselves.'

"They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the by-standers some of them actually began to eat, spluttering out the half moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon." And so, with a severe admonition they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

It is a pity adulterators at home cannot be served in the same way; pure food would be the rule if the concoctors and vendors of vile make-believes were liable to compulsory consumption of their own wares.

Sir John McNeill, a shrewd Scotch diplomatist, gained the repute of being the only European who ever got the better of a dervish. During the New Year festival the Persian religious mendicants ply their vocation most vigorously, not merely asking for alms, but demanding such sums as they deem proper, according to the rank of the giver. A dervish tried to extract an extravagant tribute from Sir John, and the ambassador proving obstinate, proceeded to "sit upon him;" that is to say, he established himself in Sir John's garden just before his study windows, and relieved his feelings by making a hideous hullaballo day and night. The diplomatist was inclined to make short work of the nuisance, but was warned that violent measures would be dangerous.

"Get rid of him if you can," said his Persian advisers; "but do not touch him."

Sir John sent for a bricklayer, and gave the order: "Build a wall all round that howling beggar in my garden, and then roof it in."

The dervish looked on composedly while the wall slowly rose around him, and made more noise than before; but when the roofing process commenced, and he awoke to the knowledge that it was really intended to entomb him alive, he clambered over the wall, and rushed away like a madman, never to trouble McNeill again.

Some sixty years ago, a certain Yorkshire living was held by a company-loving parson, much in request at marriage merry-makings, whose clerk was equally welcome at christening tea-fights. These two worthies contrived to fall out; so it came to pass that when the clerk was due at a tea party, he found himself obliged to forego the anticipated muffin feast by reason of the parson requiring his attendance. He bore the disappointment with tolerably good grace, hoping for an opportunity of retaliation. It was not long coming. One Sunday morning, advised that the clergyman was going to dine with a newly-wedded pair, instead of giving out only part of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the wicked fellow said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, the one hundred and nineteenth psalm—all on't." Before his victim was well aware of the treat in store the musicians were fairly on their way, resolved to go through their task, come what might. It was weary work, but they bravely persevered. Sometimes only one instrument, accompanying a single voice, was to be heard; but singers and players were determined to do their duty, and held on somehow to the end; and the parson had to dine at home, inwardly confessing the tables had fairly been turned upon him.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open, was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asked if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

"Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good natured minister, "I will hear what it is."

"Well, doctor," said Duncan, "the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see ye looking so well, man. Ye're not young. I remember you for many years, but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eh, doctor!" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan, "now ye're joking. It's long since I had my hair."

Dr. Macleod looked shocked, and answered in a tone of reproach: "Oh, Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" The doctor heard no more about the face of the church.

THE BABY'S CRADLE.

For a little baby, long years ago,
Was a wonderful cradle made,
It was carved with grace,
And in many a place,
With wonderful gems inlaid.

There were silken tassels, and golden bars,
And curtains of filmy lace,
And pages to sing
To the baby king
Who came of a royal race.

But the nicest cradle that e'er was made,
Though downy and soft and deep,
Could never compare
With the cradle where
My baby is rocked to sleep.

For in the shelter of loving arms,
And clasped to a loving breast,
With never a frown
He will nestle down
Like a bird in his soft-lined nest.

Oh, never was hollowed a couch so meet
For the baby's delicate charms!
There he loves to creep,
And soon falls asleep.
Encircled by mother's arms.

And the little baby, long years ago,
Though born of a royal race,
And with great parade
In his cradle laid,
Might have longed for my baby's place.

For close to my heart I hold him fast,
And lullabies softly sing;
And I envy not
Any queen her lot
As I cradle my baby king!

MOTHERS AND WIVES.

Providence has so ordained it—in the words of Octave Feuillet—that only women have a true interest in the happiness of man — his mother and his wife. A working man recently told us how his wife had helped, just as a woman can help, to weather the storm. But this story about the value of a good wife we reserve for a future number. Now we shall speak of a good mother.

An eminent writer says:—"It is a universal rule, which, so far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their brows."

From their mother, we are told, the Wesleys inherited, the one his placid temper, his calm perseverance, and his dauntless courage, and the other his fluent speech and gift of song. From his mother Sir Walter Scott imbibed his love of poetry and painting; and his writings prove that it was no common gift. Byron's fine gifts were crippled with an unfortunate temper—an inheritance from his mother. Old La Mere Bonaparte was never beaten in any project she undertook. Her energy was simply indomitable; and this last trait was strikingly illustrated throughout the whole of the great Napoleon's life.

It was from his mother that Bobby Burns, as Scotchmen love to call him, imbibed his love for song; for she used to "give wings to the weary hours of her checkered life by chanting songs and ballads herself composed." Patrick Henry had many a lesson in conversational power, his mother training this gift in her promising lad. Dr. Johnson's mother always argued with him in order to do him good, although she knew that wilful, burly boy sometimes deliberately took the wrong side. Phillip Doddridge's mother created his tastes for Scripture scenes and Scripture subjects by teaching him from the Dutch tiles around their old-fashioned hearth-place. Mary Shakespeare, though of humble parentage herself, and possessing but little of learning, yet with her shrewd sense and lively fancy contributed not a little to the development of the mind

of her son, who grew up, gathered a share of knowledge at school, reaping a yet richer store from the sights and sounds daily around him, learning to think, to dream, and to do.

Campbell acquired from his mother his earliest taste for song and ballad literature. And we may recall in this connection the various lives of Goethe, Hugo, Schiller, the Schlegels, Canning, Lord Brougham, and Curran, who attributed to his mother's liberal endowments from the "treasure of her own mind" the gifts which resulted in his greatness. Dr. Watts has, too, enlarged upon the methods adopted by his mother, who sought to stimulate his early taste for verse and song by incentives and rewards. Bishop Hall has uttered a befitting compliment in the following words in the acknowledgment of his mother's influence upon his early life: "She was a woman of rare sanctity; never have lips read me such feeling lectures of piety; neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them."

Pierre Vidal, a French poet, thus pays to his mother a similar acknowledgment:—

"If aught of goodness or of grace
Be mine, hers be the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path,
And set the light before me."

John Stuart Mill has said that he owed everything that was excellent in his writings to the influence of his wife; and Thomas Carlyle credited the same influence to a similar source. John Flaxman, the sculptor, it is said, had made considerable progress in his work, when he married Anne Denman, a noble, spiritual, intellectual woman, full of love for art, and with intense love for him as an artist. It happened that soon after the event he met Sir Joshua Reynolds, in whose opinion no man could become an artist who did not devote himself entirely to art, and who had not studied patiently and reverently the works of the great masters in Italy itself. He bluntly told Flaxman that he was ruined for an artist, which impressed him so deeply that he at once sought his wife, to whom he declared that he was ruined, repeating the words of Sir Joshua.

ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.

Let me tell you a Dutch story righ here, because it comes from a Dutch man in the eastern part of Pennsyl vania, and must be a true story. The Dutchman was never ashamed of his religion. In his neighbourhood there was a sceptic, who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand;" and so some of the people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes, if you tink best."

"Have you any objection to the neighbours coming in?"

"No; shust as you tink best."

"So they made the appointment, and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in, and laid by his hat, and was introduced to the sceptic, and he began suddenly by saying:

"Vell, now look here; I bleefs the Bible—what you bleefs?"

Said he, "I don't believe anything I can't understand."

"Oh, you must be one very smart man. I was mighty glad to meet you. I ask you some questions. The odder day I was riding along the road, and I meet von dog; and that dog he had von of his ears stand up in this way, and de odder one he stand down so. Now, vy was dat?"

Now, that was very unhandy just then, very unhandy. He either had to prove that the dog did not have one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else he did not believe it. So he said:

"I don't know."

"Oh, then you are not so very smart after all. I ask you anodder question. I saw in John Smith's clover patch, the clover came up so nice, and I looked over into the fields, and dere was John Smith's pigs; and there came out hairs on dere backs; and in the very same clover patch was his sheep, and dere came out wool on dere backs. Now, vy was dat?"

Now, that was as bad as the other, because the same perplexity arose. He had to prove that there was wool on the back of the pig, or hair on the back of the sheep; or he couldn't tell why, and therefore he had no business to believe it. Finally he said:

"I don't know."

"Well, he said, "you are not as smart as you tink you are. Now, I asks you anodder question. Do you bleefe dere is a God?"

"No, I don't believe any such nonsense."

"Oh, yes, I hear about you long ago. I know all about you. My Bible knows about you; for in my Bible he says, 'The fool says in his heart there is no God;' but you big fool; you blad it right out."

"I CAN SWIM, SIR."

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flag-ship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the main-mast fell with a fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water, under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "if I be shot, I can be easier spared than anyone else."

Narborough hesitated: his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea, amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and, as the time went on, defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserves were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet was scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honour due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flag-ship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral Cloudsley Shovel, was knighted.

"GOD IS LOVE."

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

She was such a lovely old lady, our grandmama, with the sweetest face you ever saw—such blue eyes, so full of love and kindness, and yet with plenty of fun sparkling in them; such silvery hair, worn in the quaint curls of other days, and a complexion clear and healthy as a girl's. She was our mother's mother, and was loved by us with almost equal tenderness. Our grandfather had died some years since when eight-years-old Ethel was a tiny baby, and grandmama had then settled down at "The Woodlands," where every year she welcomed us to spend our Christmas holidays beneath her hospitable roof. How we enjoyed those visits! "The Woodlands" was an old-fashioned roomy farm-house near the pretty town of Matlock, in Derbyshire, and to our town-bred eyes it was the most enchanting spot on earth. There was always so much going on there, and such plenty of fun for us young ones. There was Giles, grandmama's factotum, who could tell us the history of every horse, cow, and pig in the farmyard, who could point out in autumn where the nuts and blackberries grew most plentifully, and who knew all the favourite nooks where the hens—which were perpetually straying away—were wont to deposit their eggs. There seemed nothing that Giles did not know, and, loving his mistress's grandchildren with all his honest old heart, he was never tired of devising new means for their enjoyment. Then there was Barbara, the dear old housekeeper, whose pastry was the lightest, and whose cakes and pies the best and biggest of any cook's for miles round; she had been with grandmama when our mother was a girl at home, and she loved us almost as her own. Oh, I cannot tell you all the joys and delights of those happy days; they were looked forward to by us all the year, and enjoyed with the keenest delight when they arrived. One bright December day, the long-looked-for time had come when we were to journey down to Derbyshire; grave, dark-eyed Ethel, funny little sunny-haired Cissy, just five years old, and

the pet of the family, Bertie, a rollicking boy of ten, and myself, whose twelfth birthday had just passed. We did not sleep much the previous night, I can tell you, and getting up by candlelight, and going off in the early winter's morning to the railway station, were all part of the day's fun. We reached "The Woodlands" in the dusk of the evening, all rather tired and subdued by that time, to the relief, I suspect, of our father and mother, who, however, had kindly and patiently borne with our wild spirits during the journey. There stood our sweet grandmother in the doorway, looking like a picture, with her picturesque high cap, and the delicate cambric and lace folded across her bosom; how pleased she was to see us, and how she petted us, rubbing our chilled hands, and pressing upon us the choicest dainties from her bountifully-spread tea-table. The house was all in Christmas trim; wreaths of holly well filled with scarlet berries framed the pictures; kindly greetings, of which the words were prettily formed of scarlet and white berries, welcomed us in every room, and the time-honoured bunch of mistletoe hung temptingly aloft in the centre of the spacious hall. We roamed about the house after tea, and paid a visit to Barbara in the kitchen, who looked busy and important with all her housekeeping cares, but still had time for a loving welcome, and a close embrace for one and all of us; there we also found Giles, who held out hopes of a ride on Dot the pony on the morrow, and told us all the latest news of the farmyard.

When we returned to the parlour we found grandmama talking quietly to our father and mother, and they all advised us to draw round the fire and have a quiet hour before going to bed. We made no objection to this, and when we were comfortably settled, one and all petitioned grandmama for a story.

"Well, what shall it be about, dear children?" said grandmama.

"Oh, about a wreck or a battle," said Bertie.

"Or a fairy story," said Cissy.

"Let it be something about mama when she was a little girl," said Ethel.

"Or about yourself when you were young, and lived in Africa, dear grandmama," said I.

Grandmama laughed, and said,

"How can I satisfy so many different tastes? However, I think I must do as Bertha wishes, and will tell you something that will, I believe, interest you all, about myself, when I was just Bertha's age:—

"You all know what a beautiful luxuriant country Africa is. My father was sent there as a missionary, and our house was situated in rather a wild part; tropical fruits and flowers grew freely there, and other things not quite so welcome as fruit and flowers; venomous snakes and savage animals lurked in the wild undergrowth, and tragical stories were by no means uncommon. Our family consisted of my father and mother, my brother, myself, and the necessary servants. One lovely summer, when the heat had been more excessive than ever, and the drought therefore greater, an ugly story had been told of a lioness having been seen in our vicinity, and even of her having ventured near the domain of our next neighbour, distant about three miles from us. Our parents cautioned my brother and myself not to stray far from home, and bands of men were organised to scour the country and secure the trespasser. However, her ladyship was not to be caught napping, and for three days eluded the vigilance of the huntsmen. On the evening of the third day, I, who had felt oppressed and heavy with the burning heat, resolved to go out and relieve my aching head with a breath of the cool evening air; a light breeze had sprung up, and I (who secretly rather laughed at the fears of those around me) thought how delicious it would be to steal out for an hour, and enjoy the sweet coolness of the evening, always so grateful in that tropical climate. I strolled on and on for an hour, the pain in my head disappearing, and my whole being invigorated by the refreshing breeze; suddenly I stopped, for a disagreeable sensation oppressed me; I distinctly heard heavy steps breaking through the tangled bushes near me, and before I had time to think what I should do,

magnificent lioness stood before me. My heart beat thick and fast; my senses seemed going; we eyed each other for a moment, and then with one stroke of her paw she felled me to the ground, and with a low growl settled down beside me. Dear children, I cannot tell you what I suffered during the next few awful minutes; the lioness's huge paw lay on my breast, her hot breath scorched my cheek; my thoughts fled homewards to my good, brave father, my gentle, loving mother, and my brother, the dear companion of my childhood; how they would suffer on my account! What desolation there would be in our hitherto happy home, and then my own suffering! I was but twelve, and the idea of the violent death I felt sure I was to suffer, almost maddened me; I think I should have lost my senses, but for a thought that suddenly flashed across my brain; it was this 'God is Love.' I did not reason with myself much about it, but the very words soothed me, and although the pain and fear were still there, I kept repeating those words to myself, and they seemed to hover round my distracted, bewildered brain like sweet music, calming and quieting me. All at once it struck me that the lioness was sleeping; her head had sunk down, and her breath was quiet and regular; then, for the first time, the hope of release entered my mind, for I knew that directly I was missed from the early supper, father would set out in search of me; the lioness had evidently recently taken a heavy meal, and would sleep for some time. I knew from my father that the monarch of the woods never slew or devoured his victim till hunger compelled him. I lay quite still, and after what seemed hours of suspense, distinctly heard footsteps coming nearer and nearer; suddenly they stopped, and lifting my head, I saw my dear father gazing at me with horror. He signed to me to keep quite still, and kneeling on the ground carefully examined his revolver; I knew then he contemplated firing at the lioness, but what if he should miss her! None but God knew the agony of our minds for the next few minutes; my father covered his face with his hands for a moment, and when he removed them he was pale but calm; he fired, I closed my eyes, and the next thing of which I was conscious, was that my father was bending over me, and raising me to his breast; love had nerved his arm; the ball had entered the lioness's brain, and she had rolled over and died without a struggle. Father carried me home, and I was very ill for a long time afterwards, but youth and good nursing brought me through, and before six months had passed, I was my old bright self again. And now dear children, good night; a merry happy Christmas to you, and in all the happiness, and in all the cares of life, never forget that 'God is Love.' It has been my watchword all my life long, and has made my joys sweeter, and my troubles less hard to bear."

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

Jesus.

Am I a stranger here? Am I far from home?
Is this fair earth
So full of mirth
A wilderness in which I roam?

Where's heaven? Is it distant far
Beyond the canopy
Of yon blue sky?
Beyond that glittering star?

Heaven is God's home? Doth He not dwell
Within each tiny flower
Sparkling in summer shower
On grassy bank in yonder fairy dell?

Dwells not the Infinite in the heart of man?
Doth He not rest
Within the breast,
Helping as no other helper can?

"The kingdom is within." Blest words are these,
Bringing the home so near,
Casting out doubt and fear,
Giving a sense of rest, a sweet calm peace.

Heaven and earth! They're both my spirit's home:
For God is there,
And both are fair,
His presence fills them, and doth make them one.

Stratford. JAMES E. STEAD.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

AGGRAVATING.—To think of a good joke after getting to bed, and not be able to recall a word of it next morning.

A DIFFERENCE.—"So," said a lady, recently, to a merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

THE SNOB-DOG.—"A dog fancier" takes exception to Professor Huxley's assertion that "one of the most curious peculiarities of the dog-mind is its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." He says that the facts are that only the dogs of well-dressed persons act so. Dogs accustomed to men in rags bark not at beggars, but at persons clothed in sleek broadcloth.

A PRINCESS'S MONUMENT.—In a little church at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, there is a beautiful marble monument, erected by the Queen. It depicts a young girl reclining with her head on an open Bible, and on the marble page we read the words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It represents the young Princess Elizabeth, who, during the wars of the Commonwealth, languished in Carisbrook Castle, and was found by the gaoler lying dead on the floor, with her cheek upon the open page, and just at this particular text. We may hope that the young princess had found in her loneliness and solitude how true were the Master's words, and had learnt by experience that even in the prison-house the weary soul can and does find rest in the Saviour.

A MOTHERLESS BOY.—When I was a little child, said a good man, my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passion, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the hand of my mother upon my head. When I was a young man I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, the same hand seemed to be upon my head, and I was saved. I appeared to feel its pressure as in the days of my infancy, and sometimes there came a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed, "Oh do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God!"

HUMAN wisdom never yet arrived at the duty that it had itself prescribed.

ABOUT LONG PRAYERS.—Some children take naturally to a practical view of things. A little girl was saying her prayers the other evening, closing up with: "God bless papa and mamma, little sister and everybody, and keep us from harm this night. Amen." The little sister, a bright-eyed puss of five years, quietly remarked: "If you'd said 'everybody' to begin with, you needn't have made such a long prayer."

THE LOST RING.—A curious instance of the recovery of a lost ring inside a root of celery occurred in Sweden. Mrs. B——, in planting celery in the garden in the spring, and while dibbling holes for the small plants with her finger, unconsciously dropped her ring into one of the holes. A plant was duly inserted into the hole, and doubtless through the lost ring, and as the root grew the ring must have become imbedded in its substance. The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared by the ring turning up among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.—*Chambers's Journal.*

BE A GOOD MAN, PAPA.—Leaving home this morning for the office, we kissed our little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him, "Be a good boy to-day." He somewhat surprised us by replying, "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough, we thought, we need the exhortation more than he. And who could give it more effectually than this guileless prattler? The words of the little preacher have been ringing in our ears all day, and whether we wrote letters or editorials, pacified an irate correspondent whose effusions we could not publish, or pruned down a too lengthy report, we seemed to hear the sweet child voice saying, "Be a good man, papa."

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